

# THE CRIME OF THE BOULEVARD

BY JULES CLARETIE

COPYRIGHT, 1897 BY R. F. PENNO & CO., N. Y.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The police officer did not follow the antipathetic operations closely. He was eager to know; he was impatient for the moment when, having taken the picture, he might develop the negatives and study them to see if he could discover anything, could decipher any image. He had used photography in the service of anthropology; he had taken the pictures at the morgue with his kodak, and now he was in his little room, which he was about to darken completely, he was developing his plates.

Mme. Bernadette and the children were much struck with the expression of his face. It was not troubled, but preoccupied and as if he were completely absorbed. He was very quiet, eating very little, and seemed thoughtful. His wife asked him, "Art thou ill?" He responded, "No, I think not." And his little girl said to each other in low tones, "Papa is on a trail."

He was in truth. The hunting dog smelled the scent. The pictures which he had taken of the retina and had developed showed a result sufficiently clear for Bernadette to feel confident enough to tell his chief that he distinctly saw a visage, the face of a man, confused, no doubt, but clear enough to recognize not only a type, but a distinct type. As from the depths of a cloud, in a sort of white haze, a human face appeared whose features could be distinctly seen with a magnifying glass—the face of a man with a pointed black beard, the forehead a little bald, and blackish spots which indicated the eyes. It was only a phantom evidently, and the photographer at the prefecture seemed more moved than Bernadette by the proofs obtained. Clearer than spirit photographs, which so many credulous people believe in, the image showed plainly, and in studying it one could distinctly follow the contours. A specter, perhaps, but the specter of a man who was still young and resembled, with his pointed beard, some trooper of the sixteenth century, a phantom of some Seigneur Chouet.

"For example," said the official photographer, "if one could discover a murderer by photographing a dead man's eyes, this would be miraculous. It is incredible!"

"Not more incredible," Bernadette replied, "than what the papers publish. Edison is experimenting on making the blind see by using the Roentgen rays. There is a miracle."

Then Bernadette took his proofs to M. Gigny. The police officer felt that the magistrate, the sovereign power in criminal researches, ought, above everything, to collaborate with him, to consent to these experiments which so many others had declared useless and absurd. The taste for researches, which was with M. Gigny a matter of temperament as well as a duty to his position, was fortunately keen on this point. "The press," cried in their spirit the judges "the press." Curiosity in this man was combined with a knowledge of profound researches.

When Bernadette spread out on M. Gigny's desk the four photographs which he had brought with him, the first remark which the examining magistrate made was: "But I see nothing—a cloud, a mist and then after?" Bernadette drew a magnifying glass from his pocket and pointed out, as he would have explained an enigmatical design, the lineaments, moving his finger over the contour of the face which his nail outlined, that human face which he had seen and studied in his little room in the passage of the Elysée des Beaux Arts. He made him see—after some moments of minute examination—he made him see that face. It is true—there is an image there. "Is it possible?" cried M. Gigny. He added: "Is it possible that I can see a living being? I see the form, defined at first, saw it clearly defined after ward. At first it seemed very vague, but I find it sufficiently well defined so that I can see each feature, but without any special character. Oh," continued M. Gigny excitedly, rubbing his plump little hands, "if it is only possible if it was only possible! What a marvel!"

"It is possible," M. de Juge. Have faith," Bernadette replied. "I swear to you that it is possible." This enthusiasm gained over the examining magistrate. Bernadette had found a fellow sympathizer in his fantastic ideas. M. Gigny was now—if only to try the experiment—resolved to direct the inves-

ed. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah!" She was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernadette divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone. "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

While sitting on a bench in one of the long, cold corridors the porter and his wife saw pass before them prisoners dressed themselves as for a fête. Mme. Moniche in her Sunday best strove to honor M. Rovere. She said to Moniche in all sincerity, "Our duty is to avenge him."

These two persons felt that they were playing roles as important as those in a melodrama at the Ambigu. The time seemed long to them, and M. Gigny did not call them as soon as they wished that he would. They thought of their home, which while they were detained there would be invaded by the curious, the gossips and reporters.

"How slow these judges are!" growled Moniche.

When he was conducted into the presence of M. Gigny and his registrar and seated upon a chair, he was much confused and less bitter. He felt a vague terror of all the paraphernalia of justice which surrounded him. He felt that he was running some great danger, and to the judge's questions he replied with extreme prudence. Thanks to him and his wife, M. Gigny found out a great deal about M. Rovere's private life. He penetrated into that apparently hidden existence; he searched to see if he could discover among the people who had visited the old ex-convict the one among all others who might have committed the deed.

"You never saw the woman who visited Rovere?"

"Yes," replied the woman in black, "I do not know her. No one knows her."

The story told by the portress about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in his hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate.

"Do you know the name of the visitor?"

"No, monsieur," the portress replied. "But if you could see him again would you recognize him?"

"Certainly. I see his face there before me."

She made haste to return to her home so that she might relate her impressions to her fellow gossips. The worthy couple left the court puffed up with self-esteem because of the role which they had been called upon to play. The object of the investigation was held the next day, and the prospect of a dramatic day in which M. and Mme. Moniche would still play this important role created in them an agony which was almost joyous. The crowd around the house of the crime was always large. Some few passers stopped—stopped before the stone facade behind which a murder had been committed. The reporters returned again and again for news, and the couple, greedy for glory, could not open a paper without seeing their names printed in large letters. One journal had at morning even published an especial article, "Interviews With M. and Mme. Moniche."

The crowd buzzed about the ledge like a swarm of flies. M. Rovere's body had been brought back from the morgue, the obsequies would naturally attract an enormous crowd, all the more as the mystery was still as deep as ever. Among his papers had been found a receipt for a tomb in the cemetery at Montmartre, bought by him about a year before. In another paper, not dated, were found directions as to how his funeral was to be conducted. M. Rovere, after having passed a wandering life, wished to rest in his native country, and no other indications of his wishes, nothing about his relatives, had been found. It seemed as if he was a man without a family, without any place in society or any claim on any one to bury him. And this distressing isolation added to the morbid curiosity which was attached to the house, now all draped in black, with the letter M standing out in white against its silver decorations.

Who would be chief mourner? M. Rovere had appointed no one. He had asked in that paper that a short notice should be inserted in the paper giving the hour and date of the services and giving him the simple title ex-convict. "I hope," went on the writer, "to be taken to the cemetery quietly and followed by intimate friends, if any remain."

Intimate friends were scarce in that crowd, without doubt, but the dead man's wish could hardly be carried out. Those obsequies which he had wished to be quiet because a sort of fête, funeral and noisy, where the thousands of people crowding the boulevard crushed each other in their desire to see, and pressed almost upon the draped funeral car which the neighbors had covered with flowers.

Everything is a spectacle for Parisians. The guardians of the peace strove to keep back the crowds; some gamins climbed into the branches of the trees. The bier had been placed at the foot of the staircase in the narrow corridor opening upon the street. Mme. Moniche had placed upon a table in the lodge some loose leaves, where Rovere's unknown friends could write their names. Bernadette, alert, with his eyes wide open, studying the faces, searching the crowd, mingled with the crowd, looked at the file of people, scrutinized, one by one, the signatures; Bernadette, in mourning, wearing black gloves, seemed more like an undertaker's assistant than a police spy. Once he found him self directly in front of the open door of the lodge and the table where the leaves lay covered with signatures. When in the half light of the corridor, draped with black, where the bier lay, he saw a man of about 50, pale and very sad looking. He had arrived in his turn in the line at the table, where he signed his name. Mme. Moniche, clothed in black, with a white handkerchief in her hand, although she was not weeping, found herself side by side with Bernadette. In fact, the elbows touch-

ed. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah!" She was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernadette divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone. "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

While sitting on a bench in one of the long, cold corridors the porter and his wife saw pass before them prisoners dressed themselves as for a fête. Mme. Moniche in her Sunday best strove to honor M. Rovere. She said to Moniche in all sincerity, "Our duty is to avenge him."

These two persons felt that they were playing roles as important as those in a melodrama at the Ambigu. The time seemed long to them, and M. Gigny did not call them as soon as they wished that he would. They thought of their home, which while they were detained there would be invaded by the curious, the gossips and reporters.

"How slow these judges are!" growled Moniche.

When he was conducted into the presence of M. Gigny and his registrar and seated upon a chair, he was much confused and less bitter. He felt a vague terror of all the paraphernalia of justice which surrounded him. He felt that he was running some great danger, and to the judge's questions he replied with extreme prudence. Thanks to him and his wife, M. Gigny found out a great deal about M. Rovere's private life. He penetrated into that apparently hidden existence; he searched to see if he could discover among the people who had visited the old ex-convict the one among all others who might have committed the deed.

"You never saw the woman who visited Rovere?"

"Yes," replied the woman in black, "I do not know her. No one knows her."

The story told by the portress about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in his hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate.

"Do you know the name of the visitor?"

"No, monsieur," the portress replied. "But if you could see him again would you recognize him?"

"Certainly. I see his face there before me."

She made haste to return to her home so that she might relate her impressions to her fellow gossips. The worthy couple left the court puffed up with self-esteem because of the role which they had been called upon to play. The object of the investigation was held the next day, and the prospect of a dramatic day in which M. and Mme. Moniche would still play this important role created in them an agony which was almost joyous. The crowd around the house of the crime was always large. Some few passers stopped—stopped before the stone facade behind which a murder had been committed. The reporters returned again and again for news, and the couple, greedy for glory, could not open a paper without seeing their names printed in large letters. One journal had at morning even published an especial article, "Interviews With M. and Mme. Moniche."

The crowd buzzed about the ledge like a swarm of flies. M. Rovere's body had been brought back from the morgue, the obsequies would naturally attract an enormous crowd, all the more as the mystery was still as deep as ever. Among his papers had been found a receipt for a tomb in the cemetery at Montmartre, bought by him about a year before. In another paper, not dated, were found directions as to how his funeral was to be conducted. M. Rovere, after having passed a wandering life, wished to rest in his native country, and no other indications of his wishes, nothing about his relatives, had been found. It seemed as if he was a man without a family, without any place in society or any claim on any one to bury him. And this distressing isolation added to the morbid curiosity which was attached to the house, now all draped in black, with the letter M standing out in white against its silver decorations.

Who would be chief mourner? M. Rovere had appointed no one. He had asked in that paper that a short notice should be inserted in the paper giving the hour and date of the services and giving him the simple title ex-convict. "I hope," went on the writer, "to be taken to the cemetery quietly and followed by intimate friends, if any remain."

Intimate friends were scarce in that crowd, without doubt, but the dead man's wish could hardly be carried out. Those obsequies which he had wished to be quiet because a sort of fête, funeral and noisy, where the thousands of people crowding the boulevard crushed each other in their desire to see, and pressed almost upon the draped funeral car which the neighbors had covered with flowers.

Everything is a spectacle for Parisians. The guardians of the peace strove to keep back the crowds; some gamins climbed into the branches of the trees. The bier had been placed at the foot of the staircase in the narrow corridor opening upon the street. Mme. Moniche had placed upon a table in the lodge some loose leaves, where Rovere's unknown friends could write their names. Bernadette, alert, with his eyes wide open, studying the faces, searching the crowd, mingled with the crowd, looked at the file of people, scrutinized, one by one, the signatures; Bernadette, in mourning, wearing black gloves, seemed more like an undertaker's assistant than a police spy. Once he found him self directly in front of the open door of the lodge and the table where the leaves lay covered with signatures. When in the half light of the corridor, draped with black, where the bier lay, he saw a man of about 50, pale and very sad looking. He had arrived in his turn in the line at the table, where he signed his name. Mme. Moniche, clothed in black, with a white handkerchief in her hand, although she was not weeping, found herself side by side with Bernadette. In fact, the elbows touch-

ed. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah!" She was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernadette divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone. "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

While sitting on a bench in one of the long, cold corridors the porter and his wife saw pass before them prisoners dressed themselves as for a fête. Mme. Moniche in her Sunday best strove to honor M. Rovere. She said to Moniche in all sincerity, "Our duty is to avenge him."

These two persons felt that they were playing roles as important as those in a melodrama at the Ambigu. The time seemed long to them, and M. Gigny did not call them as soon as they wished that he would. They thought of their home, which while they were detained there would be invaded by the curious, the gossips and reporters.

"How slow these judges are!" growled Moniche.

When he was conducted into the presence of M. Gigny and his registrar and seated upon a chair, he was much confused and less bitter. He felt a vague terror of all the paraphernalia of justice which surrounded him. He felt that he was running some great danger, and to the judge's questions he replied with extreme prudence. Thanks to him and his wife, M. Gigny found out a great deal about M. Rovere's private life. He penetrated into that apparently hidden existence; he searched to see if he could discover among the people who had visited the old ex-convict the one among all others who might have committed the deed.

"You never saw the woman who visited Rovere?"

"Yes," replied the woman in black, "I do not know her. No one knows her."

The story told by the portress about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in his hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate.

ed. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah!" She was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernadette divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone. "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

While sitting on a bench in one of the long, cold corridors the porter and his wife saw pass before them prisoners dressed themselves as for a fête. Mme. Moniche in her Sunday best strove to honor M. Rovere. She said to Moniche in all sincerity, "Our duty is to avenge him."

These two persons felt that they were playing roles as important as those in a melodrama at the Ambigu. The time seemed long to them, and M. Gigny did not call them as soon as they wished that he would. They thought of their home, which while they were detained there would be invaded by the curious, the gossips and reporters.

"How slow these judges are!" growled Moniche.

When he was conducted into the presence of M. Gigny and his registrar and seated upon a chair, he was much confused and less bitter. He felt a vague terror of all the paraphernalia of justice which surrounded him. He felt that he was running some great danger, and to the judge's questions he replied with extreme prudence. Thanks to him and his wife, M. Gigny found out a great deal about M. Rovere's private life. He penetrated into that apparently hidden existence; he searched to see if he could discover among the people who had visited the old ex-convict the one among all others who might have committed the deed.

"You never saw the woman who visited Rovere?"

"Yes," replied the woman in black, "I do not know her. No one knows her."

The story told by the portress about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in his hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate.

"Do you know the name of the visitor?"

"No, monsieur," the portress replied. "But if you could see him again would you recognize him?"

"Certainly. I see his face there before me."

She made haste to return to her home so that she might relate her impressions to her fellow gossips. The worthy couple left the court puffed up with self-esteem because of the role which they had been called upon to play. The object of the investigation was held the next day, and the prospect of a dramatic day in which M. and Mme. Moniche would still play this important role created in them an agony which was almost joyous. The crowd around the house of the crime was always large. Some few passers stopped—stopped before the stone facade behind which a murder had been committed. The reporters returned again and again for news, and the couple, greedy for glory, could not open a paper without seeing their names printed in large letters. One journal had at morning even published an especial article, "Interviews With M. and Mme. Moniche."

The crowd buzzed about the ledge like a swarm of flies. M. Rovere's body had been brought back from the morgue, the obsequies would naturally attract an enormous crowd, all the more as the mystery was still as deep as ever. Among his papers had been found a receipt for a tomb in the cemetery at Montmartre, bought by him about a year before. In another paper, not dated, were found directions as to how his funeral was to be conducted. M. Rovere, after having passed a wandering life, wished to rest in his native country, and no other indications of his wishes, nothing about his relatives, had been found. It seemed as if he was a man without a family, without any place in society or any claim on any one to bury him. And this distressing isolation added to the morbid curiosity which was attached to the house, now all draped in black, with the letter M standing out in white against its silver decorations.

Who would be chief mourner? M. Rovere had appointed no one. He had asked in that paper that a short notice should be inserted in the paper giving the hour and date of the services and giving him the simple title ex-convict. "I hope," went on the writer, "to be taken to the cemetery quietly and followed by intimate friends, if any remain."

Intimate friends were scarce in that crowd, without doubt, but the dead man's wish could hardly be carried out. Those obsequies which he had wished to be quiet because a sort of fête, funeral and noisy, where the thousands of people crowding the boulevard crushed each other in their desire to see, and pressed almost upon the draped funeral car which the neighbors had covered with flowers.

Everything is a spectacle for Parisians. The guardians of the peace strove to keep back the crowds; some gamins climbed into the branches of the trees. The bier had been placed at the foot of the staircase in the narrow corridor opening upon the street. Mme. Moniche had placed upon a table in the lodge some loose leaves, where Rovere's unknown friends could write their names. Bernadette, alert, with his eyes wide open, studying the faces, searching the crowd, mingled with the crowd, looked at the file of people, scrutinized, one by one, the signatures; Bernadette, in mourning, wearing black gloves, seemed more like an undertaker's assistant than a police spy. Once he found him self directly in front of the open door of the lodge and the table where the leaves lay covered with signatures. When in the half light of the corridor, draped with black, where the bier lay, he saw a man of about 50, pale and very sad looking. He had arrived in his turn in the line at the table, where he signed his name. Mme. Moniche, clothed in black, with a white handkerchief in her hand, although she was not weeping, found herself side by side with Bernadette. In fact, the elbows touch-

ed. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah!" She was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernadette divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone. "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

While sitting on a bench in one of the long, cold corridors the porter and his wife saw pass before them prisoners dressed themselves as for a fête. Mme. Moniche in her Sunday best strove to honor M. Rovere. She said to Moniche in all sincerity, "Our duty is to avenge him."

These two persons felt that they were playing roles as important as those in a melodrama at the Ambigu. The time seemed long to them, and M. Gigny did not call them as soon as they wished that he would. They thought of their home, which while they were detained there would be invaded by the curious, the gossips and reporters.

"How slow these judges are!" growled Moniche.

When he was conducted into the presence of M. Gigny and his registrar and seated upon a chair, he was much confused and less bitter. He felt a vague terror of all the paraphernalia of justice which surrounded him. He felt that he was running some great danger, and to the judge's questions he replied with extreme prudence. Thanks to him and his wife, M. Gigny found out a great deal about M. Rovere's private life. He penetrated into that apparently hidden existence; he searched to see if he could discover among the people who had visited the old ex-convict the one among all others who might have committed the deed.

"You never saw the woman who visited Rovere?"

"Yes," replied the woman in black, "I do not know her. No one knows her."

The story told by the portress about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in his hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate.

ed. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah!" She was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernadette divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone. "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

While sitting on a bench in one of the long, cold corridors the porter and his wife saw pass before them prisoners dressed themselves as for a fête. Mme. Moniche in her Sunday best strove to honor M. Rovere. She said to Moniche in all sincerity, "Our duty is to avenge him."

These two persons felt that they were playing roles as important as those in a melodrama at the Ambigu. The time seemed long to them, and M. Gigny did not call them as soon as they wished that he would. They thought of their home, which while they were detained there would be invaded by the curious, the gossips and reporters.

"How slow these judges are!" growled Moniche.

When he was conducted into the presence of M. Gigny and his registrar and seated upon a chair, he was much confused and less bitter. He felt a vague terror of all the paraphernalia of justice which surrounded him. He felt that he was running some great danger, and to the judge's questions he replied with extreme prudence. Thanks to him and his wife, M. Gigny found out a great deal about M. Rovere's private life. He penetrated into that apparently hidden existence; he searched to see if he could discover among the people who had visited the old ex-convict the one among all others who might have committed the deed.

"You never saw the woman who visited Rovere?"

"Yes," replied the woman in black, "I do not know her. No one knows her."

The story told by the portress about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in his hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate.

"Do you know the name of the visitor?"

"No, monsieur," the portress replied. "But if you could see him again would you recognize him?"

"Certainly. I see his face there before me."

She made haste to return to her home so that she might relate her impressions to her fellow gossips. The worthy couple left the court puffed up with self-esteem because of the role which they had been called upon to play. The object of the investigation was held the next day, and the prospect of a dramatic day in which M. and Mme. Moniche would still play this important role created in them an agony which was almost joyous. The crowd around the house of the crime was always large. Some few passers stopped—stopped before the stone facade behind which a murder had been committed. The reporters returned again and again for news, and the couple, greedy for glory, could not open a paper without seeing their names printed in large letters. One journal had at morning even published an especial article, "Interviews With M. and Mme. Moniche."

The crowd buzzed about the ledge like a swarm of flies. M. Rovere's body had been brought back from the morgue, the obsequies would naturally attract an enormous crowd, all the more as the mystery was still as deep as ever. Among his papers had been found a receipt for a tomb in the cemetery at Montmartre, bought by him about a year before. In another paper, not dated, were found directions as to how his funeral was to be conducted. M. Rovere, after having passed a wandering life, wished to rest in his native country, and no other indications of his wishes, nothing about his relatives, had been found. It seemed as if he was a man without a family, without any place in society or any claim on any one to bury him. And this distressing isolation added to the morbid curiosity which was attached to the house, now all draped in black, with the letter M standing out in white against its silver decorations.

Who would be chief mourner? M. Rovere had appointed no one. He had asked in that paper that a short notice should be inserted in the paper giving the hour and date of the services and giving him the simple title ex-convict. "I hope," went on the writer, "to be taken to the cemetery quietly and followed by intimate friends, if any remain."

Intimate friends were scarce in that crowd, without doubt, but the dead man's wish could hardly be carried out. Those obsequies which he had wished to be quiet because a sort of fête, funeral and noisy, where the thousands of people crowding the boulevard crushed each other in their desire to see, and pressed almost upon the draped funeral car which the neighbors had covered with flowers.

Everything is a spectacle for Parisians. The guardians of the peace strove to keep back the crowds; some gamins climbed into the branches of the trees. The bier had been placed at the foot of the staircase in the narrow corridor opening upon the street. Mme. Moniche had placed upon a table in the lodge some loose leaves, where Rovere's unknown friends could write their names. Bernadette, alert, with his eyes wide open, studying the faces, searching the crowd, mingled with the crowd, looked at the file of people, scrutinized, one by one, the signatures; Bernadette, in mourning, wearing black gloves, seemed more like an undertaker's assistant than a police spy. Once he found him self directly in front of the open door of the lodge and the table where the leaves lay covered with signatures. When in the half light of the corridor, draped with black, where the bier lay, he saw a man of about 50, pale and very sad looking. He had arrived in his turn in the line at the table, where he signed his name. Mme. Moniche, clothed in black, with a white handkerchief in her hand, although she was not weeping, found herself side by side with Bernadette. In fact, the elbows touch-

ed. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah!" She was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernadette divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone. "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

While sitting on a bench in one of the long, cold corridors the porter and his wife saw pass before them prisoners dressed themselves as for a fête. Mme. Moniche in her Sunday best strove to honor M. Rovere. She said to Moniche in all sincerity, "Our duty is to avenge him."

These two persons felt that they were playing roles as important as those in a melodrama at the Ambigu. The time seemed long to them, and M. Gigny did not call them as soon as they wished that he would. They thought of their home, which while they were detained there would be invaded by the curious, the gossips and reporters.

"How slow these judges are!" growled Moniche.

When he was conducted into the presence of M. Gigny and his registrar and seated upon a chair, he was much confused and less bitter. He felt a vague terror of all the paraphernalia of justice which surrounded him. He felt that he was running some great danger, and to the judge's questions he replied with extreme prudence. Thanks to him and his wife, M. Gigny found out a great deal about M. Rovere's private life. He penetrated into that apparently hidden existence; he searched to see if he could discover among the people who had visited the old ex-convict the one among all others who might have committed the deed.

"You never saw the woman who visited Rovere?"

"Yes," replied the woman in black, "I do not know her. No one knows her."

The story told by the portress about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in his hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate.

ed. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah!" She was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

"I am afraid."

She spoke in such a low tone that Bernadette divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone. "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

While sitting on a bench in one of the long, cold corridors the porter and his wife saw pass before them prisoners dressed themselves as for a fête. Mme. Moniche in her Sunday best strove to honor M. Rovere. She said to Moniche in all sincerity, "Our duty is to avenge him."

These two persons felt that they were playing roles as important as those in a melodrama at the Ambigu. The time seemed long to them, and M. Gigny did not call them as soon as they wished that he would. They thought of their home, which while they were detained there would be invaded by the curious, the gossips and reporters.

"How slow these judges are!" growled Moniche.

When he was conducted into the presence of M. Gigny and his registrar and seated upon a chair, he was much confused and less bitter. He felt a vague terror of all the paraphernalia of justice which surrounded him. He felt that he was running some great danger, and to the judge's questions he replied with extreme prudence. Thanks to him and his wife, M. Gigny found out a great deal about M. Rovere's private life. He penetrated into that apparently hidden existence; he searched to see if he could discover among the people who had visited the old ex-convict the one among all others who might have committed the deed.

"You never saw the woman who visited Rovere?"

"Yes," replied the woman in black, "I do not know her. No one knows her."

The story told by the portress about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in his hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate.

"Do you know the name of the visitor?"

"No, monsieur," the portress replied. "But if you could see him again would you recognize him?"

"Certainly. I see his face there before me."

She made haste to return to her home so that she might relate her impressions to her fellow gossips. The worthy couple left the court puffed up with self-esteem because of the role which they had been called upon to play. The object of the investigation was held the next day, and the prospect of a dramatic day in which M. and Mme. Moniche would still play this important role created in them an agony which was almost joyous. The crowd around the house of the crime was always large. Some few passers stopped—stopped before the stone facade behind which a murder had been committed. The reporters returned again and again for news, and the couple, greedy for glory, could not open a paper without seeing their names printed in large letters. One journal had at morning even published an especial article, "Interviews With M. and Mme. Moniche."

The crowd buzzed about the ledge like a swarm of flies. M. Rovere's body had been brought back from the morgue, the obsequies would naturally attract an enormous crowd, all the more as the mystery was still as deep as ever. Among his papers had been found a receipt for a tomb in the cemetery at Montmartre, bought by him about a year before. In another paper, not dated, were found directions as to how his funeral was to be conducted. M. Rovere, after having passed a wandering life, wished to rest in his native country, and no other indications of his wishes, nothing about his relatives, had been found. It seemed as if he was a man without a family, without any place in society or any claim on any one to bury him. And this distressing isolation added to the morbid curiosity which was attached to the house, now all draped in black, with the letter M standing out in white against its silver decorations.

Who would be chief mourner? M. Rovere had appointed no one. He had asked in that paper that a short notice should be inserted in the paper giving the hour and date of the services and giving him the simple title ex-convict. "I hope," went on the writer, "to be taken to the cemetery quietly and followed by intimate friends, if any remain."